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Peepul Tree at Agra.

(J. G. Potter, in the 'Baptist Missionary.')

The enclosed photograph, taken by Mr. Barrell, of Bombay, shows a remarkable Peepul tree which stands in the cemetery at Agra. The heavy stones, now lifted from the ground and imbedded in the trunk of the tree, formed part of a massive old tomb. If it is asked how came these stones to have been broken up and carried several feet above the ground, the answer is, that many years ago a small seed of the sacred Peepul tree found its way into a crevice in the tomb, probably dropped there by a little bird. There it remained till the summer rain moistened it and caused it to grow. After a while a few green leaves

and quiet villages, among the women of the Zenana, and the children of our schools. Here a little and there a little, yet the Word we speak is the living and incorruptible seed of the Word of God. Only a text of Scripture, yet the big Peepul tree grows from a tiny seed. The Peepul tree is worshipped as the abode of God; truly such is the case with the Word which we proclaim, and hence its power over the hearts of men.

And just as its power has been seen in Europe, so shall it be seen in Asia, for the idols he shall utterly abolish. Paul preached that Word at Athens, and at the time it did not appear to have much effect; yet as the little seed at Agra conquered the massive tomb, so the Word preached at

is a Christian who studied her Bible prayerfully. That is her first qualification, but her management also is effective. She told me once that when she takes a class say of girls, she tries to forget it as a class and think of it as so many personalities, whose lives she must touch. She said: "Each girl must first like me if I am really to help her. Then if I am drawn towards her, she will be drawn to me, and I can lead her from that point where we have met."

'It is not knowing Sarah to call at her home and find out that her mother has the rheumatism and her father is a policeman, and the family are in a third storey flat. She studies Sarah and reflects that the despondent look in her eyes means something besides indifference toward the lesson she is teaching. She soon gets a hint that Sarah is ambitious, can't go away to school, but must mend, cook and be a home worker. She does not set to work at once, with premature sympathy, sure to offend, but soon speaks of some interesting book, "O you have not happened to see it. I know you will like it, Sarah—I'll bring it to you." Not said in the "I want-to-do-you-some-good" sort of manner, but simply as you would lend the book to a friend. Sarah is pleased, begins to like Miss Cruttenden. Very soon there is some verse in the lesson like: "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

'Miss Cruttenden has two brief illustrations, one that must impress the class and one that may find Sarah where she lives (not in the third story flat, but in her disappointed, growing-morbid girl heart). She tells of, let us say, Doré's picture of the "Christian Martyrs," or a night after their slaughter in the Coliseum—the clear, cold starlight, the rows of empty seats, the dead and dying that strew the ground, the wild beasts left to prowl among them, but over all angelic forms and the triumph of those who losing life have found glorious immortality. Sarah's ears are open and she hears what follows:—"Women and girls lost their lives then for Christ's sake, and they may lose them now. If one of us has an ideal life that we could make quite possible by self-seeking—a life all bright with pleasure or travel or study, if only we let go a duty to a mother, or a father, to children we must care for, or a brother who wants to get an education,—and we, for Christ's sake, lost that beautiful life, Jesus knows it and we will here gain a life into which his love and joy will surely come." Sarah gets an uplift.

'Another thing. Miss Cruttenden takes her class as individuals, but she is careful to cultivate a class feeling in them. In one class she adopted a constitution. It was a disorderly Bible class. There were perhaps six regular members, four or five who came occasionally, several who habitually came in for the opening exercises and then went out, while visitors used to drop in freely. The contribution envelope



PEEPUL TREE AT AGRA.

were seen above the surface of the tombstone, which showed that the seed had become a plant. By and by, as the plant grew and the roots pushed their way down between the stones of the tomb, the heavy stones were pushed aside, being conquered by the living tree. Years passed, and some of these heavy stones were lifted above the ground, till in course of time they came to occupy their present strange position.

What a picture of the victory of life over death! As such it has often cheered me as a missionary in India, where the systems of Hinduism and Mohammedanism are as massive and imposing tombs. Beautiful to look at sometimes, and as fair as whited sepulchres, yet, like all sepulchres, full of corruption and death within. What can a few missionaries do in a country like India to overthrow the error and superstition that abound? Thank God, we can do what the little bird did—namely, drop the seed into such openings as we find in bazaars and market-places, crowded mêlées

Athens by Paul led to the overthrow of its fine temple and many idols. To-day the great centre of Hinduism and Mohammedanism appears to be little affected by the work of the Missionary; yet in all of them the seed has taken root and is growing, which shall, in due time, conquer them all. As the conflict is between life and death we have no fear about the result.

Agra, N.W.P.

One Teacher's Ways.

(The Westminster Teacher.)

'I would take a class, Aunt Mary, if I could keep its members together, but it is very humiliating to have them drop away or stay and be quite indifferent and listless,' remarked a young lady, continuing, 'Now there is Miss Perry, she is a consistent Christian, but while Miss Cruttenden always builds up a class, Miss Perry's class invariably runs down on her hands.'

Aunt Mary replied: 'I don't know Miss Perry or her methods, but I do know some of Miss Cruttenden's ways. You know she

was passed about and left empty, and the best library books were drawn and not returned. Miss Cruttenden was urged to take the class. She went into it and made no allusion whatever to its past record, although she had the superintendent move the class away from the door to a spot where entrance and exit would be less easy. Then she said: "In a Bible-class of course there ought to be no time for conversation outside the lesson, but we can't even talk about the lesson if we don't study it."

"From her pocket came a half sheet of paper, and she proposed that all who wished to form a class on a new basis should sign their names. The agreement was very simple: not to enter the class unless intending to stay until the school was out; never to come without at least fifteen minutes' preparatory study; to talk of nothing outside the lesson; to bring a regular contribution, however small, to the missionary offering of the school. The result was, a studious, prompt, thoroughly interesting Bible class, instead of a floating membership, spending time in gossip, giggling, and irreverence.

"I sat behind Miss Cruttenden once when she had eight little boys who behaved as if they were stuffed with fire-crackers and must explode with fun and laughter before she could quiet them, but some way she did, and then it was curious to see the tact with which she caught up the flying thoughts of those youngsters and bound them close into the lesson idea. Right into her account of the nativity broke one boy: "Pshaw, babies are no good! We're always having them at our house!" For one second Miss Cruttenden's face was a study, but in the next she had seen her chance to show how this child was called wonderful, and soon every boy was eager and reverent in telling how the infant Jesus differed from a mortal baby.

"Well, Aunt Mary, I see why Miss Cruttenden succeeds, and now I know why Miss Perry does not. Miss Perry says her class is so uninteresting she cannot tell one girl from another."

Value or Memorizing Scripture.

(Wayland Hoyt, D.D., LL.D., in 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

During the terrible persecutions of the Huguenots in the South of France, the persecution flamed against books as well as against men and women. Here is an account of a single book-burning: "One day in June, 1780, the Intendant of Languedoc visited Frismes, escorted by four battalions of troops. On arriving the principal Catholics were selected and placed as commissaries to watch the houses of the suspected Huguenots. At night, while the inhabitants slept, the troops were called out, and the commissaries pointed out the Huguenot houses to be searched. The inmates were aroused, the soldiers entered, the houses were rummaged, and all the books that could be found were taken to the Hotel de Ville. A few days after a great auto-da-fe was held. The entire Catholic population turned out. There were the four battalions of troops, the gendarmes, the Catholic priests, and the chief dignitaries; and in their presence all the Huguenot books were destroyed. They were thrown into a pile on the usual place of execution, and the hangman set fire to this great mass of Bi-

bles, psalm-books, catechisms and sermons. The officers laughed, the priests sneered, the multitude cheered."

And this is but a single instance. Steadily, through the long and bloody years of the persecution, the Bible-burning went on together with the slaughter of the saints of God.

As a consequence, Bibles became a scarce treasure in that ravaged 'Church in the Desert.' In this way they offset the scarcity. When, by any means, a New Testament had escaped capture and the flame, persons—often boys and girls—were put at learning it. And when, in some midnight, and in some cave or secluded place among the mountains, the 'Church in the Desert' met for its worship, those who had memorized the Scriptures recited it; and thus the nourishing and girding Scripture was fed on by the hunted saints. We are not thus forced to the memorizing of Scripture, but I am sure the Huguenot habit is still a good one for anybody, though, amid our gracious religious freedom, he is not thus forced.

It was the custom of F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, to have his Greek New Testament lying open before him while he was dressing in the morning, and to use those first moments of the day in a careful memorizing of its Greek text. I am quite sure that the singular fascination of his sermons, their deep, swift insight, their often surprising disclosures of profound meaning, their wise, strong applications to modern sins and needs, their delightful and various freshness, were as much due to this memorizing of the Greek original as to any other reason.

Think of some of the values of the memorizing of Scripture. One value is, you are apter to get at the meaning by brooding over the memorized Scripture. What you have thoroughly memorized does not lie upon the outside of you, it has gotten inside of you. You hold it as the nest holds the egg for the brooding bird. It is there, and your mind meditatively wraps it. What wonder if amid such warmth innermost meaning begin to stir? In the mental realm, as well as in the realm of bird-hatching, nothing is so good as brooding. 'Do not be dismayed or discouraged,' says F. W. Robertson, 'if the reading of the Scripture does not suggest as yet. Receive, imbibe, and then your mind will create.' And you are aptest to receive and imbibe from what your memory lovingly and warmly holds.

Another value of the memorizing of Scripture is that you have it ready for quick use. 'The sword of the Spirit,' the apostle calls the Scripture. And sometimes, on emergency, swords must be swiftly drawn and instantly set at duty. There is no hand better for the quick grasping of the sword of the Spirit than the hand of the memory. How quick the flashing and how straight and keen the thrust of the sword of the Spirit by our Lord in his conflict with the tempter in the wilderness! How the 'It is' written, held in our Lord's memory, sped Satan to defeat. The law of opposites is a great practical law of life. You are tempted to some mean thing; instantly you discomfit it by summoning to your thought some opposite and lofty thing. You will not think of the mean thing; you will think of the opposite and lofty thing. Happy he who has his memory so filled with lofty Scripture that instantly he can summon to his thought some noble truth or pre-

cept as against the suggestions and solicitations of an evil world.

After all, is not the old Huguenot habit a good habit for our day also?

Postal Crusade.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger'.)

Dear Editor,—The kind letters coming are very encouraging. As a subscription to the leaflet, 'Post-Office Crusade of Canada,' one friend sent \$5, another \$1, a number have sent thirty cents and others signify their intention of becoming subscribers. However, I want 1,000 regular subscribers. Thirty cents from 1,000 people will put me in a position to send out 200 papers every week to India and supply 1,000 of the leaflets, 'Post-Office Crusade,' at home once a month. In addition, there will be the commission for Canada's free papers.

You will have noticed that Sir Wm. Mullock, our Postmaster-General, is in correspondence with all the colonies of Great Britain regarding the reduction of postage on newspapers. If he succeeds, then I can send out 400 papers to India every week from the offices of publication. Multiply 400 by 52, and consider what the result may be of such 'Literary Missionaries' as the 'Northern Messenger,' the 'Sabbath Reading,' and other periodicals of the same stamp becoming regular factors of Christian intelligence at home and abroad. My friends, this is a serious matter. Please send in a quick and cordial subscription for the 'Post-Office Crusade.' The first number, a small four-page paper to be printed at the 'Witness' Office, in nice type, will be sent you in May if thirty cents is received for a year's subscription. The more subscribers the better. Every 1,000 will mean an increase of free literature for India and Canada.

"I wish I could thank the one in Canada who sends me the delightful little paper, the 'Northern Messenger,'" writes a young girl in Burma. Numbers of letters have come from native readers lately, but these are to be kept for the 'Mail Bag' of the 'Post-Office Crusade.' A friend who has had years of experience in literary life, Sunday-school work and public school duties, is going to edit a page now and then for the new leaflet. It is to be for children, and in time contain children's letters from abroad.

Thirty cents will bring you the brightest we can obtain, and every thirty cents means so much sunshine for India and Canada.

Pour them in, my friends, and let the Crusade have 'Showers of Blessing.'

Faithfully,

M. E. COLE,

112 Irvine avenue,

Westmount, Que.

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, \$3 a year.

'Weekly Witness,' post paid, \$1 a year.

'World Wide,' post paid, \$1 a year.

'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.

The Ten and how They Came to the Rescue

(Agnes Noyes Wiltberger, in the 'Congregationalist'.)

The Rev. Frank Reed was in his study, the one furnished room in the otherwise empty parsonage, looking over his accounts. It did not require a great deal of arithmetic. He presently leaned back in his chair and read the statement aloud.

'Thirty-four dollars from the church in the last seven months. Two cheques from the Home Missionary Society make it one hundred and thirty-four. Nineteen dollars and fourteen cents a month is not a princely income to ask a young lady to share.'

He ran his fingers through his hair, and puckered his forehead with an air of grim humor.

'I need some new shoes,' he continued, turning his foot up on his knee to inspect the badly worn sole. 'This suit can't hold together much longer; it's frightfully weak in the joints now. I owe the boarding house five dollars for board. I have got to have some coal. And I have just seventy-five cents in my pocket. I shall have to board myself and live on corn meal mush and molasses. Looks like getting married, doesn't it?'

The quizzical look left his eyes, and in its place there came something as near discouragement as Frank Reed ever allowed to appear in his face.

Often during his three years in this Dakota church the unceasing work and the close privation had seemed hard to bear. His was a nature full of courage. Yet when there came to him the possibility of winning for himself a life-long happiness, and that possibility was made impossible by the fact that he was bound to a home missionary field that was either too poor or too indifferent to pay the salary pledged, the natural man called the situation hard.

He had argued the question again and again, and as often he had reached the same conclusion—he could not leave the field while there remained so much work for him to do, simply for a consideration of dollars and cents.

For two years there had been drought; the next year a severe hailstorm destroyed the crops; and Mr. Reed's salary, which was left to the end of the year for collection, had fallen short from one to three hundred dollars every year. There was no severe want among the people. They lived in a plain, comfortable way, with all of the necessities and many of the comforts of life. They seemed interested in the work of the church. They attended services regularly; they were hearty in welcome of strangers; and they were interested in the salvation of souls in a general and sometimes in a special way. But they were not interested in paying the minister's salary. Right there they drew the line; and if anyone invited them to step over it, they held back and cried, 'Hard times!'

Mr. Reed felt the hard times to the depth of his soul. Renunciation is hard to a young lover, and he was young and in love. He looked unusually sober as he put on his hat and started down to the village post-office.

'I may as well call on Will on the way,'

he thought, as he approached the store where Will Beardsley, the church treasurer, clerked.

Mr. Reed usually ran in to see Will on Mondays, on the chance that something might have been paid in on Sunday. He never asked for money. If there was any, it was given to him. If not, which was the usual case, they talked for a few minutes of the weather, or trade, or the number out at service yesterday, and then the minister went out. He was sensitive and proud. He shrank from avowing his need of money. If he had been asked, he would have found it extremely humiliating to tell the delinquent members of his flock that they had paid him but \$34 in seven months. The shame should have been theirs; it would have been his. It even galled him that the treasurer must know how little he had to live on.

He leaned against a counter while young Beardsley tied up a package and made change for a customer.

'Well, how goes it, Will?'

'Pretty slow. Mondays are always dull. I've something for you to-day; given to me at church last night.'

He handed a dollar to Mr. Reed, who took it without comment. It was so pitifully small beside his needs.

'Anything I can show you to-day?' Will asked, assuming the air of a brisk tradesman. 'A good dress suit, or a silk hat, or some patent leathers? It makes me uneasy to see you with so much money in your possession.'

Mr. Reed laughed, and his laugh was good to hear. With it he seemed to throw off the weight that had oppressed him.

'I think,' he said, balancing the coin on his forefinger, 'that I shall ask the cobbler to peg that to the soles of my shoes.'

Someone entered the store just then, and Mr. Reed turned at Will's 'Good morning, Nora,' to look at the face that had been in his thoughts all the morning. The consciousness of what his thoughts had been made his greeting somewhat embarrassed. But Miss Gardiner knew nothing to be embarrassed about, so she speedily besought his aid in selecting a tie for her brother.

'I came in to ask my cousin to help me,' she said; 'but he might be too much interested in selling to be impartial.'

Mr. Reed was secretly counting on walking home with Miss Gardiner when her errand was done. It was rather annoying to be called out just then to confer with a man who wanted to use the church building for a concert—the church to sell tickets and have one-half the proceeds.

Mr. Reed gone, Will and Nora relapsed into silence. Will snapped the string on her package with a jerk, and handed it across to her with the impatient exclamation:

'It makes me hot!'

'What's the matter?' she asked, surprised.

'It just makes me hot!' he repeated, with emphasis, thrusting his hands into his pockets and kicking a little box that was on the floor. 'I'm going to resign.'

'What is the trouble?' she asked again.

'How much do you suppose they have paid that man this year?' he asked, abruptly.

'I do not know,' she replied, flushing. She was not used to discussing Mr. Reed's affairs.

Will told his story. His profound admiration and warm personal liking for Mr. Reed made his indignation intense, and Nora felt her cheeks growing hotter and hotter as she listened. At first she was conscious mainly of her own super-sensitiveness to that which concerned Mr. Reed so closely. She knew she was blushing, and the knowledge made her blush the more. But all consciousness of herself was soon dispelled by the contagion of Will's impetuous indignation.

'It's a downright shame!' she said, with eyes flashing.

'Ginger! I get so mad I can't sit still. I am going to give them a piece of my mind, and then quit the business.'

'Don't do that. Let us do something,' she said, rather vaguely.

'Do what? I have talked to the trustees till I'm tired. They put it off, and talk hard times, and have always some excuse ready for not making a canvas yet.'

'Call The Ten together to-night, and we will think up some scheme.'

'All right, if you say so; but I'm going to resign.'

The Ten were a set of young people of Mr. Reed's church and congregation, bound together by a common love of fun and frolic, and also by a strong belief in their power to accomplish whatever they undertook. They had carpeted the church, and painted the parsonage, and Nora had faith that they would not be found wanting in this emergency.

Evening found them gathered in the Gardiner parlor, and again Will gave the treasurer's report for the year.

'They talk hard times,' he said, 'but I notice they manage to get what they want for themselves.'

'Yes,' said little Kittie Falconer from a piano stool; 'my father talks hard times, but he has promised me a piano for Christmas.'

'I believe it is because they don't think about it,' said Nora; 'they would make some effort if they did.'

'Think! You can't make them think about it! I've tried. They are trying so almighty hard to get what they want for themselves, and then to get ahead, that they have no time to listen if you remind them that they are eating other people's bread and butter. I like hogs; but I don't like to see them put their feet in the trough.'

'Plain language,' commented Dick Burton.

'Plain facts,' replied Will.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' began John Dixon, slowly removing his leg from the arm of his chair and bringing his long, loose figure to a standing position; 'I move you that this honorable company turn its attention to itself. I should like to ask what part of the \$34 came from the pockets of this august body?'

Silent astonishment answered his question. Kittie Falconer ceased the 'pianissimo' runs and trills with which her music-loving fingers had accompanied the discussion, while a flush slowly mounted to her forehead. Harry Martin looked as if he thought the question quite irrelevant. Mame Fiske was half indignant, and Will

Beardsley gave an embarrassed laugh. All the faces expressed surprise.

'But we are not members of the church,' said Mame, 'at least I am not,' with a glance at Will. 'It is not our place to pay the salary.'

'Why aren't we members?' asked John, from the depths of the easy-chair where he had settled himself after exploding his bomb. 'We are all members of the Christian Endeavor Society, and most of us profess to be Christians.'

'Who wants to join a church that is run like this one?' said Harry, with some heat. 'Mr. Reed asked me once to join, and I told him when he got a few of his members to do their duty I'd think about it.'

'What did he say to that?' asked Dick.

'Never said a word. He left me, and has not mentioned the subject since.'

'That is the way I have felt about it, though I never said so,' said Kittie, who had been studying her rings diligently for a few minutes. 'But it does not seem quite as good a reason to put into words as I thought it would.'

'That's just it; we all stand on the outside and kick instead of getting on the inside and doing what we can to help.' John's force exceeded his elegance somewhat, but then he was in earnest.

'I am a member of the church,' said Nora Gardiner, slowly, and with rising color. 'But I never thought of its being my duty to give for that. Papa gives me what spending money I have, and of course he always gives to all church work. I thought that answered.'

'It looks to me very much as if we had been calling other people hogs when we belong to the tribe ourselves,' Dick said, with a comical grimace.

'I tell you what I propose to do,' said John, emphatically, bringing his hand down with some force upon the arm of the chair. Usually, when John Dixon spoke, the young people smiled in anticipation of something amusing. Now his usual exaggerated pompousness was lost in a simple, direct earnestness, which made his words more impressive to his companions. 'Next Sunday is communion. I propose to unite with the church if they will have me, and then when I am a full-fledged member I'll see what can be done to set a few of these wrongs right.'

'I shall be glad to go with you,' his sister said from the opposite side of the room.

'I ought to, too, and I will,' Kittie Falconer added.

One after another expressed a like determination, with a sober earnestness never before seen at a Ten meeting.

'I move we prove our piety by passing a subscription paper here and now,' the treasurer suggested, with a laugh. 'That seems to be usually the supreme test. Where is there paper, Nora?'

The paper was produced, and in a few minutes, with considerable light-hearted banter and more of heart-searching and self-sacrifice than usually accompanies the passing of a subscription paper, fifty dollars were pledged and a part of it paid to the treasurer.

'Now, we surely can raise between fifty and a hundred more by entertainments this winter,' Mame said, enthusiastically. 'It is worth twenty-five dollars any day to hear Nora warble and Kit play. As for me—well, I think it must be worth at least ten dollars to hear me keep still.'

'It would be, if you ever did that thing.'

Mame replied to this brotherly candor with the silence it deserved.

Wednesday evening was preparatory service. Rumors of the number of applicants for admission, and a whisper of something else unusual—no one seemed to know just what it was—to be announced, brought a large proportion of the members to the midweek meeting. Mr. Reed's face was radiant. It was a joy indeed to receive into the church these young people for whom he had been working. And it added to his thankfulness to know that it had been a voluntary seeking for admission, rather than a reluctant yielding to his representation of their duty.

The names were presented, the candidates examined and voted in, some other business was brought up and settled.

'Is there any further business to be considered?' asked Mr. Reed. 'If not'—

Mr. Gardiner rose. He had enjoyed a full report of the last meeting of The Ten. 'I understand,' he said, 'that there is a considerable arrearage in the matter of our pastor's salary. I should like to hear from the treasurer a plain statement of this matter.'

Mr. Reed looked surprised, then a little embarrassed. 'With your permission I will ask Mr. Gardiner to take the chair.'

Mr. Gardiner complied, and the pastor left the church, preferring to be absent when that matter was discussed.

Then for the third time Will gave his report. Thirty-four dollars paid, with a balance due the first of the month of two hundred and twenty-eight dollars and fifty cents. Fifty dollars had been pledged toward this amount, and part of it had been paid into the treasury. It would all be paid before Sunday.

'May I ask from whom this fifty comes?' asked a trustee. He had cause for surprise, for that amount ordinarily meant ten dollars' worth of hustling on his part.

'From The Ten,' answered the treasurer, briefly. They all knew The Ten.

'I am instructed to say further for The Ten'—John Dixon rose for his first speech in church meeting, and his speech was a model one—that the church may depend upon us for one hundred dollars more towards the salary this year, to be paid in twenty dollar instalments the first of each month.

You might have heard a pin drop. This was a surprise even to the chairman. The silence was intense for a moment, and then the prayer meeting room became a very noisy place indeed. The applause seemed to start from Deacon Lamson's corner, but as such a demonstration is hardly decorous in church it probably originated with someone else. Anyway, the clapping of hands and the nods and smiles of congratulation and felicitation did not cease until the chairman rose to speak. He said a few words of thanks to the young people, commended their association of business principles with religion, then called for further remarks on the subject of the pastor's salary.

Dear, old, white-haired Deacon More stood up. His hands and voice usually trembled with weakness; now they shook with emotion.

'Our children put us to shame,' he said. 'God knows we needed the lesson. We have kept the Lord's money for our own use; we have been dishonest in the sight

of God and men. We do not deserve this blessing. I am ashamed. But let us learn the lesson God intends to teach us. Let us redeem ourselves. Let us welcome an opportunity to give for the Lord's work. I am ready.'

He soon had the opportunity he coveted, for it was decided to pass a subscription paper then and there, and pledge for immediate payment, enough, if possible, to meet the back salary. The work was soon done. Nearly two hundred dollars were promised before Sunday, and someone volunteered to see the absent members. A committee was named to raise the salary for the remaining five months of the year, and they adjourned, having held the most satisfactory business meeting the church had known for years.

One and another of the members called upon or hailed Mr. Reed on the street during the next three days, with regrets and apologies for their past neglect of business. He heard a partial account of what occurred after he left Wednesday night, so he was not surprised when Will asked him to call at the store Saturday afternoon to take charge of a little money that had been paid in. But he was surprised when his account was squared to the first of the week, with the promise of prompt payment the first of every month in the future.

Strange to say, his first thought was not of the badly worn sole that he might now replace with new shoes, nor of the coal that he needed, nor yet of his board bill. It was of Nora that he thought all the way back to the empty parsonage and up to his study. He tipped back in his chair, locked his hands behind his head, gazed out of the window, and still thought of Nora. Then he left the study and made a tour through the parsonage, examining the state of the walls and ceilings, and estimating the size of rooms; and still his thoughts were of Nora.

Sunday was a day of joy to church and pastor. They said he preached as he had never preached before. Mr. Reed walked home with Nora that night. He did not return to the parsonage until he had an amicable interview with Mr. Gardiner, and had spent an unconscionable time in saying good-night to Nora.

WHAT A MINISTER SAID.

A Christian Minister, at Winnipeg, Man., who has cause to know Vitae-Ore from what it has accomplished in his family, a few Sundays ago made use of the following expression:

'Brethren, this Christian Religion is a great deal like this Vitae-Ore we are hearing so much about in this city and seeing so frequently spoken of in the Public Press. It steals on you like this medicine, is sapped into your veins until it becomes a part of your being, always doing good; its influence grows and grows upon you, and you feel so good about it that you want to tell another, so he may enjoy its benefits and get to know it as you know it.'

Readers of this paper who have used Vitae-Ore know this to be true. The proprietors of this remarkable remedy desire every reader of this paper who needs such a medicine to test it at the company's risk, so that each reader may know and feel 'its influence' as spoken of in the pulpit. They do not ask for cash, but desire each person to use the Ore for thirty days' time before paying one cent, and none need pay unless positively benefited. The offer, headed 'PERSONAL TO SUBSCRIBERS,' which appears in this issue, is certainly an original one, and can be read and accepted with profit by every ailing person. The company is reliable and will do as they agree.

The Making of a Temperance Fanatic

(George Edward Day, in 'Zion's Herald'.)

I have just returned from the most remarkable temperance meeting I ever attended. I have just listened to the most remarkable temperance address ever delivered. The speaker was a woman that I knew five years and more ago as a frail, diffident creature, but with a lofty spirit and a passionate earnestness. In fact, it was just five years ago to-night that I sat with her in her modest sitting-room in East Lynn, when the great tragedy of her life reached its climax. That was before she was known as Mrs. Wentworth, the Temperance Fanatic. That was before she moved strong men at will by her peerless logic and her wonderfully sad-sweet voice.

I remember well the scene in her sitting-room that early autumn evening. Two beautiful children, a boy and a girl, clung to her side, as she sat in a low willow rocker and entertained me with her bright talk while a happy light played on her face. She had married rather young—at twenty—Jack Wentworth, a free-hearted, careless fellow two years older. Somehow she never discovered until after they were married that Jack was fond of his glass occasionally, and when she did discover it, though it gave her a little pang of regret, she set about bravely to remedy the matter, with never a fear but what she could keep her young husband from his growing habit.

But, like many another woman, she failed. Jack did not care, as he once did, to do a thing simply because it pleased her; he wanted his own way now, and he had it. Frequently he came home in a half-dazed, half-ugly condition, and the poor little wife begged and pleaded in vain for reform. Then their first child was born—a boy—and for a time Jack seemed more like the old Jack, and his little wife thought the victory was won. Not so. After a while he returned to his old ways again, only with this change—his fits of intoxication became more frequent and more gross. This continued for two years or more, and then with the coming of another little stranger—a girl this time—his wife hoped again to win him from his intemperate ways. But all in vain. The new little angel in the house brought no change to the wretched father, but he kept on in sin and sank deeper and deeper in the mire.

The little home, once so happy, showed traces of the pinching fingers of poverty. Often there was very little to eat, and in the cold days of winter sometimes no fuel for the kitchen stove. Poor Jack was drinking heavily. He never was really brutal to his family, but he seldom came home sober, and often in a surly mood. But the poor man was not the only one to blame. He had inherited a weak will, and he was sorely tempted and as sorely fell.

But one night there was a change, and Jack came home sober. He had been to a new place. About nine o'clock, as he was going up Union street, he heard singing in the St. Paul's Methodist Church, and staggered up to the door. An evangelist was holding a special meeting. The sermon was over, and the congregation was singing a hymn. As Jack reached the door he heard them sing:

'Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each
spot
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!'

'I want to come in,' said Jack.

'No, you can't come in. You're drunk,' said the young fellow at the door, trying to block his passage.

'Oh, let him come in,' said the older man, 'let him come in.'

'You're a gentleman,' said Jack, with an uncertain accent and a lurch against the door as he endeavored to shake hands with the man who had befriended him. 'You're a gentleman! Have something on me.'

Up in front the evangelist and the pastor were urging the gospel invitation without apparent success.

'If you're a sinner and need a Saviour, Jesus Christ can save you to-night. Will you come?' pleaded the evangelist.

'I'll come!' shouted Jack, and marched down the aisle to the platform. There was a buzz and a rustle all over the church. Some thoughtless girls giggled, and an old Pharisee frowned, but the men of God on the platform climbed down to greet the prodigal.

'Could he save me, mister?' asked Jack, in a saner tone and manner. 'Do you think he could save me, sure?'

'Sure,' said the evangelist. 'He came in to the world to seek and save the lost.'

'That's me, I guess,' said Jack. 'I want him to save me if he can do it right off now. I can't wait. I'm in a hurry. I've got to get home.'

The evangelist laid one arm across the poor fellow's shoulder and spoke to him earnestly in a low tone. In a moment or two they were kneeling side by side, and one was pouring out his heart to God for his wayward brother, and Jack, himself, was sober enough to sob like a child and to call on God for mercy.

That was the beginning of a new life. He went into church that night pitifully drunk, but he came out sober, and with a strength and a will beyond his own he persevered until there was sunshine again in the little home, and Annie and the children had a husband and a father worthy of the name.

'Jack Wentworth is surely converted,' everybody said. And how he did work! He got hold of his old companions as no one else could, and won them away from drink to soberness. You rarely heard him speak of his conversion—he was too modest for that; but he knew in his heart that there had been worked a miracle on his behalf by that same Jesus that met Saul in his journey towards Damascus.

A few months after his conversion the 'no-license' vote of the previous December went into effect, and for once in Lynn the law was pretty well enforced. There were no really open saloons, and so no flaring temptations. Under the circumstances, Jack found it easier to resist his old appetite which, even now, occasionally asserted itself. But the city liked so well no open saloons that she voted 'no' for two more years. In an evil day, however, the city elected a mayor about whose temperance convictions very little was known, and under his administration and that of his appointee, the city marshal, rum was sold freely and almost openly. This disgusted the voters, and the old, foolish,

wicked cry, 'If it's going to be sold any way, let's have the license money,' was raised and carried the day.

Mrs. Wentworth had a secret dread of the coming of the first day of May, when the saloons were to be opened, but she said nothing and kept up a stout heart. But Jack never wavered. He stood by his guns like a good soldier, and so the spring slipped into summer, and summer into autumn, and love and reason were still upon the throne.

As I sat with the mother in the cosy little sitting-room that night, and saw the two lovely children, happy and well-cared for, at her knee, I realized, as never before, how much difference it made to have the father sober and industrious.

'I have almost forgotten what fear is,' she said, with a happy light in her eyes. 'I used to worry a great deal at first, and especially last May when the saloons were opened again. If men could only know how some other men are tempted by an open saloon, no amount of money would hire them to vote "yes."'

The two little heads at her knee were drowsy with sleep, and the mother put them to bed, returning presently to finish our conversation.

'Jack is the best of husbands,' she went on. 'He seems to be trying to atone for those few years of unhappiness he gave me. But I forgave him long ago. I love him too well'—she paused with a sudden start, and a look of fright swept over her face. Someone was coming up the stairs with the shuffling, uncertain blundering of a drunken man. My heart stood still as Mrs. Wentworth went to the door and opened it with feverish terror. 'My God! my God! It's my Jack! it's my Jack! O, Jack! Jack! What shall I do? My God! what shall I do?'

She sank into a chair dazed, stupefied, overcome. Jack staggered into the room. 'Well, what's the row?' he stammered, with a drunken leer. 'Can't a feller be sociable without a woman raising a rumpus? Say, what's the matter, anyhow?'

'O, Jack!' she cried, and then buried her face in her hands and sobbed with a wild and unrestrained passion that seemed almost beyond the endurance of her delicate form.

I stood like a thing of wood. What consolation could I offer? What word of pity could I speak? The mischief was done—how could I undo it?

She saw my perplexity and understood it. 'It's too late,' she said. 'Nothing can undo it. It's too late. Leave me with him, alone, please.'

I crept out, feeling myself the most powerless and insignificant thing in the world.

The next day I learned the whole story. Some fiend in human shape had induced him to just taste the quality of a little flask of French brandy. He yielded. Like a roaring and ravenous wild beast, the old appetite aroused itself and insisted on being gratified, and before ten o'clock that night Jack Wentworth was drunk as ever he had been.

Most of the next day he lay in a drunken stupor, but toward night, when nearly sobered, he roused himself and sneaked out of the back door. He was fearfully humiliated. He dared not look his sweet wife in the face; he dared not ask forgiveness, though he knew it might be had for

he asking, and even without it; but while he hung his head in shame the old appetite clamored for appeal. Again it was his master; again he yielded, and again he came home drunk.

As he went in at the door his little girl ran screaming from his presence. Angered by her fear of him, he ran after her and caught her just as she reached the head of the stairs, but staggered uncertainly, and father and child fell with a deafening crash to the hall below. The father rose to his feet sobered in an instant, but his child lay motionless, a pitiful little white heap, before him. The poor mother had heard the noise from her work in the kitchen, and in an instant was kneeling beside her little girl, calling to her to speak and on God for mercy. She looked up into the face of her husband with dry eyes, too crushed to weep. 'You have killed her!' she said very slowly, as one dazed and unconscious of what she was saying. 'You have killed my darling! You have killed my darling!' And picking the little one up in her arms she hurried to an adjoining bedroom and laid her on the bed. Then throwing herself down beside her child, she wept.

It was all too true. Nevermore the little feet would run on love's errands, nor the merry voice make sweet music. The feet were quiet forever, and the music of her voice was still in death.

For a moment the father stood stupefied, then going to the old secretary in the sitting-room he took from the bottom drawer a revolver that had not been used for years. Examining it carefully to see if it was loaded, he put it into his pocket and strolled out of the house. The next morning, as the milkman was coming into town, he found the body of poor Jack Wentworth lying in a clump of bushes on the Salem road with a bullet-hole in his temple.

For three or four years after that I heard nothing of Mrs. Wentworth. She moved away from Lynn, and I lost all trace of her until six months or more ago I began to hear of a wonderful woman temperance agitator, who carried her listeners by storm, and was making a mighty revival of 'no license' through many Massachusetts communities. To-night I have heard her for the first time. Her power is past all belief. No wonder that men are curious to know the secret of her intensity and the passionate fervor of her eloquence; but she keeps her secret well. Never, in any of her public utterances, has she spoken of the cruel past that has driven her out into this public work, diffident and timid though she still is; but I know, and I do not wonder. God bless her with more power!

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou dost lay
These near horizons on my way.
If I could all my journey see
There were no charm of mystery,
No veiled grief, no changes sweet,
No restful sense of tasks complete.
I thank Thee for the hills, the night,
For every barrier to my sight;
For every turn that blinds my eyes
To coming pain or glad surprise;
For every bound Thou settest nigh,
To make me look more near, more high;
For mysteries too great to know;
For everything Thou dost not show.
Upon Thy limits rests my heart;
Its safe horizon, Lord, Thou art.

—Quoted in 'The Ministry of Comfort.'

Not a Matter of Fees

(L. G. Moberly, in 'Christian World'.)

Sir David Grainger's butler looked with astonishment at the figure on the doorstep.

'It is not at all likely as Sir David will see you,' he said in his haughtiest manner; 'this is the middle of his consulting hours, and he don't have time for nothing else.'

The figure on the doorstep moved a trifle nearer the door. It was a very ragged and miserable figure, and if the butler had acted according to the promptings of his own heart he would have shut the door in the woman's face and bidden her go about her business. But he was acutely conscious that the consulting-room was unpleasantly near the front door, that his master had uncomfortably sharp ears and, further, that it was one of Sir David's foibles (a ridiculous foible his butler considered it) not to allow people to be summarily dismissed from his door until their business had been ascertained and attended to. The butler, therefore, compromised matters by half closing the door and saying in a low but firm voice, 'This ain't the time to come here, whether it's begging you're after or not; Sir David, he's busy.'

But the woman on the doorstep was not to be thus easily rebuffed. She came nearer to that fast-closing door, and said brokenly: 'Oh! mister, let me wait to see 'im. I won't do no 'ahm, and I ain't come fer to beg, bless yer 'eart. Let me wait till 'e can see me—for the love o' Gawd.'

Her voice was considerably raised by the end of her sentence, and the butler glanced round nervously at the consulting-room door.

'Well, look here,' he whispered roughly, 'you come in quietly then, and sit down here, and don't you move till I tell you'—and with a gesture as rough as his whisper he pointed to a bench in a dark corner of the hall towards which the visitor crept humbly.

She was a little woman, whose white, haggard face bore the self-evident marks of poverty and hunger. Her clothes were very old and ragged, her apology for a bonnet would have disgraced a rag and bone man. Certainly she was not the kind of person one is accustomed to see in the hall of a celebrated consulting physician. The butler felt this acutely. He hovered about the hall with an expression of outraged dignity; he found it in his heart to wish that his master—so satisfactory in all other respects—was not possessed of a craze for philanthropy. Not that anyone like the present visitor had ever within the butler's memory sat in the hall before; but still he knew that it was as much as his place was worth to send away a suppliant. And he felt himself to be justly annoyed and injured.

The woman in the corner looked round her with wondering, fascinated eyes. She had never in her life been in such a place as this before; the stateliness and beauty of it awed and half choked her. She dimly felt that she was out of place; she drew her skirts closely round her with an instinctive fear of harming the soft carpet that lay at her feet, the beautiful carved oak bench upon which she sat. The warmth, the peaceful atmosphere, the very pictures on the walls made her feel as though she had stepped from the grey street into another world.

She sat there for what seemed to her a long, long time. Now and then one of the doors opposite to her opened, and a lady, or gentleman came out of the one room and went into the other, or was shown out of the front door by the butler, now all smiles and obsequiousness. The woman who sat and waited shrank further into her corner as she watched these smart men and women come and go. They were so unlike her; they belonged to the beings whom she designated as 'toffs.' She began to wonder how she had ever dared to come to the great doctor's house, how she had ever found strength and courage to tramp those miles of weary streets to reach him!

Once she almost made up her mind to slink away again, without fulfilling her mission, but a picture sprang into her mind of a tiny back-room in far away Shoreditch, and of a child lying there and panting out his little life, and—she stayed.

The time dragged heavily, but at last—at last she saw a familiar form come out of the door on which her eyes were fixed, and she sprang to her feet. The doctor was not alone; by his side was a graceful woman, beautifully dressed and of stately bearing. The woman who watched heard the doctor say quietly: 'I am sorry, your grace, but it is quite impossible for me to go back with you to Surrey to-day. Your little girl is evidently going on extremely well; your doctor's note to me is most reassuring; I will try to fix a day to go to you later on in the week. To-day it is really impossible for me to go out of town except for a case of emergency, and that, I am glad to say, does not apply to your little daughter's illness.' And he bowed the lady out courteously.

The heart of the woman who waited—sank. If the great doctor could not do what this grand, beautiful lady wanted of him, was it likely that he would grant the request of a poor body like herself? In the bitterness of her soul she almost smiled at the thought of her own audacity. She made a step forward with a hazy idea of getting out of the door and away as quickly as possible, when the doctor turned and saw her.

'Are you waiting to see me?' he asked, and his tone was as courteous and pleasant as that in which he had a moment before dismissed a duchess.

'Yes, sir,' the woman faltered. 'I was a-waitin' to ask you'—she broke off suddenly, then went on hurriedly—'It's my little Bert what's took bad.'

'Come into my room and tell me all about it,' the great man said, gently.

'And makes me go in 'is room in front of 'im like as if I was a lidy, same as 'er 'e showed out,'—the woman told her friends afterwards; 'there's a reel gentleman for yer—'e ain't no bloomin' sham.'

Sir David pushed forward a chair for his strange visitor, and sat down himself beside his table, looking at the woman with keen, shrewd eyes, that were yet full of kindness.

'Now, then, Mrs. —, I don't think I know your name, do I? Tell me what the trouble is.'

'Lizer Denham, that's my name, sir, and I didn't ought to a' come troublin' a grand gentleman like you; but I remembered as you was always good to poor folks, when I was in the 'orspital, and I come—I come—'

'Yes,' Sir David put in kindly, 'were you ever under me in St. Mark's Hospital? And have you come to consult me again?'

There was no trace of impatience in the deep voice, no sign of hurry; no one would have guessed that, from the moment he had seen the Duchess out of his door, every minute of this man's time had been mapped out. He listened patiently to the woman before him, as though the whole day were at his disposal.

'I were in your ward, sir,' Mrs. Denham said, eagerly. 'O' course, you wouldn't remember me, seein' as it's four year and more ago; and it's not myself I've a' come about, it's my little boy what's bad.'

'Yes? And is he in St. Mark's, too? Or do you, perhaps, want him to come to St. Marks?'

'Oh, no, sir, 'e ain't in the 'ospital, and we don't live near St. Mark's—not now, sir. I've a-tramped all the way from Shoreditch this mornin' to find you, 'cos I remembered as they said in the 'ospital—in St. Mark's, sir—as there wasn't no doctor like you. And I thought—I thought, maybe if you could see my pore little chap you could cure 'im.'

Her voice had grown sharp and eager, her eyes watched the grave face before her hungrily, intensely. What hope she had built upon this man's wonderful powers of healing, only she herself knew! All through the weary hours of last night she had been making up her mind to come and seek out the great doctor; throughout the long, long tramp from her tiny back room in Shoreditch the one thing that had borne her up was the thought that with this man lay the safety of her boy.

Sir David's keen eyes looked full into the hungry ones that eagerly scanned his face; he did not speak for a moment. Then he said slowly:

'You want me to see your little boy, Mrs. Denham? Is he very ill—too ill for you to bring here?'

The eyes that met his filled with tears; Lizer Denham put out her hand blindly to help herself up by the table; she fancied that her mission had failed. There was a sob in her voice as she said:

'He's as bad as can be, doctor. I couldn't bring 'im 'ere, pore little chap. I thought—I thought as maybe you'd—you'd come and see 'im, but—I didn't ought to a' troubled yer.'

She rose heavily as she spoke; her eyes were blinded by tears, but she tried valiantly to check the sobs that nearly choked her.

'I am very glad you came, Mrs. Denham, and you have not troubled me at all. I only asked whether you could bring your little boy here, because I happen to have a good many things to do to-day. But if he is so ill—I shall go back with you at once to see him.'

The color swept over the poor woman's white face; but no words would come; she was speechless with sheer joy.

'If you will sit down and wait just a few minutes,' the doctor went on, 'I will drive you back, and we will see what can be done for the little chap.'

Still there were no signs of hurry, or impatience in the kind voice; no hint that the busy physician's whole day was being upset for the sake of one little child in a back room of Shoreditch.

Telegrams were dispatched, the brought-ham was ordered to come round at once,

and the orthodox butler felt an inclination to weep as his master courteously helped the ill-dressed woman into his carriage and drove away with her rapidly towards the East-end.

'And me sittin' there beside 'im like the Queen 'erself,' Lizer explained rapturously afterwards to an open-mouthed neighbor; 'there, you ain't go no idea what a kerridge like that is; seats as soft as soft. and goes as smooth as if the wheels was runnin' in oil, and as if there wasn't a stone in the road. My! it was a fair treat.'

It was a very tiny back room, into which the doctor stepped softly, nearly an hour later. There hardly seemed room for him as he moved amongst a medley of furniture towards the little cot against the wall, beside which a man watched with hopeless eyes.

Upon the pillow lay a small, flushed face, and as the doctor looked down at it and asked a few questions a little smile flickered over the baby lips, and two tiny arms were outstretched towards the physician. A great tenderness was in Sir David's eyes as he stooped over the cot, and lifting the child up gently, sat down with it beside the table, on which a lamp burnt dimly in the foggy atmosphere. The small boy nestled into the strong arms that held him, as though something in their strength and tenderness comforted him; his eyes closed, and in a few minutes his breathing showed that he was asleep.

'Bless 'is 'eart,' his mother whispered tearfully, 'and 'e 'aven't a-slept all last night, nor the night before, pore little chap. Seems to know as you've come to do 'im good; don't 'e, doctor?'

Sir David asked more questions in a low voice, whilst his fingers felt the little pulse, and his keen eyes watched the sleeping child closely, and Lizer Denham and her husband never took their eyes from his strong, kind face.

'D' yer think 'e'll get better, sir?' the woman whispered, after a long pause. 'Me and Jem, we're terrible set on the little chap; d' yer think 'e'll get better?'

'I think he is very ill,' the doctor said, 'but I hope we shall be able to pull him through. This sleep is the very best thing possible for him,' and the arm that held the sleeping child tightened its hold a little.

Down in the narrow street below Sir David's coachman wondered, as the afternoon sped on, what in the wide world could be keeping his distinguished master so long in the grimy little house into which he had vanished. The street was narrow and dirty; the houses were black and forbidding of aspect; the whole neighborhood spoke of abject poverty and squalor. Surely, the coachman thought, his master's errand here could not be a long one. But the afternoon passed away and still Sir David did not come.

Upstairs in that small back room a little child slept through the hours that crept by—slept quietly in the arms of one of London's greatest physicians, whose time, so every one said, was money! Several times the poor father and mother begged him to give the child to them, but he only shook his head with a smile. 'We must let him sleep,' he whispered; 'this sleep may be the saving of his life.'

And the great man sat on in the small squalid room, as though he had no business in the world to do except the healing of

this one little child. When at last the baby's eyes opened the room was almost in darkness, save for that dim light upon the table. The doctor rose softly and laid the child in the cot. 'Give him some warm milk now,' he said, 'and then let him sleep again. I think he will do now. I will come and see him to-morrow.' And with a few more minute directions Sir David turned to go.

The child's father held out his hand in dumb gratitude and wrung the doctor's hand in a mighty grip; the mother followed him to the door.

'Eh, sir,' she said, 'whatever can I do to thank yer? We're pore folk, sir—and—and—I reckon we can't pay yer what we oughter pay yer—but—but—will yer tike this?' And Sir David found pressed into his palm two sixpences and a shilling.

'Jem bein' out o' work, we ain't done very well lately,' she went on, apologetically, 'else I wouldn't a' arst yer to tike so little. But will ye tike this, sir, fer us to show we're grateful like?'

Sir David took the worn hand in his and shook it warmly, then gently put the money back into it.

'No, no, Mrs. Denham,' he said, 'I can't take your money, although I very much appreciate your kind thought in giving it to me. Supposing you spend it on getting something nice for the little lad. I am very pleased to have been able to come and see him, and I think he will do now, but I came to please myself, and to help you. It was not a matter of fees.'

A Hymn for the Home.

(J. S. Kennard, D.D., in 'American Messenger'.)

Around our home, O Father, God,
Let Thy bright angels watch and ward;
Above it spread Thy mighty wing,
Shield it from every hurtful thing.

Here let Thine Ark for ever rest,
The bright Shekinah be our guest,
While, gathered round the Mercy-seat,
Our prayers and praises we repeat.

Here let Thy holy precepts sway
Our social duties day by day;
Let helpful sympathy prevail
And gentle patience never fail.

Let wise parental love ensure
Sweet filial reverence, high and pure,
If selfish tempers e'er arise,
Let Christ's own Spirit harmonize.

Thus may our happy home-life prove
A prelude to the home above;
Parents and children, Lord, prepare
For endless, joyful home-life there.

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The Hindu Girl.

(‘Faithful Words.’)

Not a breath of air stirred the leaves of the palm trees, and the Indian sun streamed down on the bungalow where the missionary sat; and as he looked on the burnt-up garden, he thought of the poor heathen around him, whose hearts seemed as dry and barren as the ground before him. He knelt in prayer for them, and a few minutes afterwards he heard a knock at the door, and found a little dark-skinned girl standing in the passage. At first she was too frightened to speak; but after encouragement she said her mother had once lived at Bombay, and had heard there about a great God of the white people, who was good and kind, and cared for children. Three weeks previously her mother had died suddenly, and in her last words to the orphan had told her to try to find out more about this God.

Tears fell fast as she told how she had begged and prayed the great idol in the sacred grove to let her find this new God. ‘I’ve asked, and asked,’ she said, ‘but he won’t give me anything. I don’t think he wants me to be happy or contented.’

Can you not imagine how overjoyed the missionary was to tell the little girl about his Heavenly Father, who loves to bless his children and give them true happiness? He read to her this text: ‘Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.’ At first she could not believe that this great God could love her, and that he would give her eternal life without any offering or sacrifice on her part. She had been taught all her life to offer to her idols, who are not expected to give unless they are well rewarded. The missionary’s wife took the child into the house, and taught her about Jesus, and very soon she came to him, and he gave her eternal life.

That little girl has now grown into a tall woman. She is a Bible woman, and has twenty little native children under her care, whom she is trying to lead to the Good Shepherd. At the end of her school-room, in large red and black letters, is the text: ‘Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom,’ and she often tells how, more than twenty years ago, the missionary taught her those words in that same house, and what a great blessing they have been to her.

Many white children in England think very much the same as did the little dark-skinned heathen girl; they think they must beg and beseech God before he will answer them, and that unless they pray long and earnestly enough, they cannot be saved. They forget that Jesus said, ‘It is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.’ It would be wages if we had to pray and toil to get it; it is a gift if we do nothing for it, and have only to accept it. ‘The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.’ (Rom. vi., 23.)

An Italian fable tells of a lame boy who asked an olive tree to drop some of its fruit to him, promising if it did he would not let his little brother break its branches any more. ‘I never stoop to bargain: I grow great by giving,’ said the tree, as it showered down more olives than the lad could carry. Just so is it with God. He

will not sell; he will not barter the priceless possession of his goodness; ‘eternal life is the gift of God.’

The Power of Faith.

The following instance of the power of faith was recited by the minister of the chapel where it occurred:

‘I have a Bible-class of twenty-one young men, twenty of whom were converted. These have been the main supporters of our Sunday morning prayer-meeting, which is conducted from seven to eight o’clock. On a given morning two of their number agreed that they would call at the house of their unconverted classmate, and, if possible, induce him to attend that morning’s meeting. They met him on the road, and invited him to the meeting. He definitely refused to join them. They tried to dissuade him from taking his anticipated walk, till he went away in a rage. The two went on to the chapel; the praying proceeded to within five minutes to eight (closing time), when one of the two began to pray. He earnestly besought the Lord to save the young man who had refused to come with them. Then, after a moment’s pause, he said, ‘Lord, I believe he is coming to this service; and I believe that he will be converted here this morning.’ Immediately the chapel door swung open, the young man came in, and walked straight to the Communion rail, where he knelt and sought the pardon of his sins.’—‘Sunday Companion.’

The Letter ‘A.’

Mrs. Boyd Carpenter, in ‘Fragments in Baskets.’

‘It’s a queer story,’ said Tom, ‘but it’s true; the letter A was the letter that led me to my Saviour. I was in a peck of trouble at the time; my wife and the babies were ill and I was worried, and I had less than no hope to look to anywhere, for I did not believe in religion and that sort of thing. Well, one night the paper given me to set up for printing was about a prize which was offered to anyone who could correctly tell the number of A’s in the Book of Hosea. It struck me I might try.’

‘I’d had extra expense at home through illness and the doctor to pay and so on, and my work being among letters all night, I thought I stood as good a chance of the prize as anyone, and so I determined I’d go in for it. I hoped to get the money, but I found what was better than silver and gold. I found the key of life. I used to fancy that life ended with what you see and what we made our own lives, but that little letter showed me that we are being led by a way that we know not, and are in the hands of One who orders all things for our good.

‘It was Friday night I set it up. As soon as we were free I got to work, and by Saturday night my task was done. But as I was counting the A’s, one struck me more than other’s; perhaps it was a capital, and so I missed it at first, having been counting the small ones and had to go back for it; perhaps because it was an uncommon word, “Achor.”

“Achor,” I thought, “what a queer word! I wonder what it means?” And so I turned to the reference and saw in Joshua in the margin, “trouble.” “Well, that’s odd,” I said to myself, “the valley of trouble for a door of hope. I’m sure I’m

in trouble, and yet I don’t see where the hope is coming from.”

‘All day long that word “Achor” stuck in my mind. Saturday night I spent nursing my wife and wondering what sort of “hope” there could be for me with the prospect of losing her, for she was very bad that night. In the morning I got a turn out of doors, and as I passed an open church door, with services going on, I thought I’d look in and see if I could get any light in my difficulty, how trouble could bring hope.

‘I was late, and the clergyman was in the pulpit, so I don’t know what his text was. He was talking about atheism, and that “A” meant “without,” and that without God there was no hope for any man. He then showed that Christ was the hope of every man, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of all things.

‘I’d heard lots of similar sermons, but you see I’d got the letter A in my head, having counted so many the day before, and so it struck me as curious that I should hear a sermon which was so much about it, and it made me listen, and there I found hope, for I found my Saviour. He led me through trouble by a way I knew not, and now I feel I cannot be silent, but must spend myself for him.’

The Actual Presence of God.

We should never leave our prayer-closets in the morning without having concentrated our thoughts deeply and intensely on the fact of the actual presence of God there with us, encompassing us, and filling the room as literally as it fills heaven itself. It may not lead to any distinct results at first; but, as we make repeated efforts to realize the presence of God, it will become increasingly real to us, and, as the habit grows upon us, when alone in a room, or when treading the sward of some natural woodland temple, or when pacing the stony street, in the silence of night, or amid the teeming crowds of daylight, we shall often find ourselves whispering the words, ‘Thou art near, thou art here, O Lord.’

Then again we should try to recall the fact of the presence of God whenever we enter upon some new engagement, or sit down to write a letter, or start on a journey, or prepare to meet a friend. By practice, remembering God as much as we can, asking him to forgive when we have passed long hours in forgetfulness of him, this habit will become easy and natural to us, a kind of second nature. It was surely thus that Enoch walked with God, and it was this which enabled Bishop Taylor to say: ‘I am a witness to the fact that the Lord Jesus is alive, that he is a person, and, though invisible, accessible. I have been cultivating a personal acquaintance with a personal Saviour for more than forty-three years.’—F. B. Meyer.

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LITTLE FOLKS



FACING A TIGER

Tiger hunting in India is considered one of the most royal and dangerous of sports. The ferocity, strength and treachery of this prince of the cat-tribe are well known, and the coolest nerve and the truest aim are liable to be called into play at a moment's warning.

An English sportsman in India, says the 'Youth's Companion,' had been out all day beating a jungle with the worst of bad luck. Finally he discovered a huge blue bull

—Nyeghan—and ordered his beaters to drive it toward him, while he posted himself in a dense clump of thorns. The beaters set to work, but without success. Suddenly as I was going to move away, the beaters shouted frantically, 'Tiger, tiger!' I could see nothing, and so stepped out from my place of concealment. There, lying between my bush and the next, was an enormous tiger. We were only eight feet apart, and as there was no getting through the bush

on either side, one of us must give way or die. We faced each other for half a minute, and if ever I saw wrath it was then. The tiger glared at me, growling fiercely and lashing the ground with his tail.

Slowly, slowly I raised the heavy rifle, aiming at the broad chest when the chin let me see it.

Taking a fine sight, I pulled the trigger and jumped back, drawing my knife.

It was unnecessary; the huge cat was dead.

Best Lessons.

'O, there's that Ruth Knolls and her brother again! Do you know, Miss Merton, she is just awfully dull in school, and we girls laugh at her so much. She hasn't a particle of brilliancy.'

Viva chattered this speech out as she walked along the street beside Miss Merton.

'She has something far better than brilliancy,' said Miss Merton. 'What?' said Viva, her cheeks flushing uncomfortably; for she felt that she had made a mistake, and she was very anxious to stand well in Miss Merton's opinion.

'She has a courteous manner.

That is a grace that is very great, but far too rare. I know Ruth quite well, and her kindness and courtesy are unfailing in company or at home. She is going to grow into a lovely womanhood.'

'I am sorry I spoke so,' said Viva. 'I really don't know anything about her except that she stumbles so dreadfully in her lessons.'

'No doubt she is very sorry about it, and I am sure she works faithfully. It is a fine gift to be quick and bright in understanding things. But you know, my dear, that it is far more important to be kindhearted and gentle. When

you girls go out in the world, no one will ever ask or know whether you got good grades in algebra and Latin. If you have done your best, it is wrought into you whether your best is very good or only mediocre. But be sure of this: every one who meets you will know without putting you through an examination whether you are a gentle woman or not. It isn't practical to quote Greek or discuss psychology or read Shakespeare with every one you meet; but you can always speak kindly and listen courteously, and quietly look out for the opportunity to do the little deeds of kindness that make our lives so much

more worth living.—'Union Signal.'

An Essay on Habit.

A story is told of an English schoolmaster, who offered a prize to the boy who should write the best composition in five minutes, on 'How to Overcome Habit.'

At the expiration of five minutes the composition was read. The prize went to a lad of nine years: Following is his essay:

'Well, sir, habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change 'abit.' If you take off another you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another, it is not wholly used up; all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of a habit you must throw it off altogether.'

Grandma's Picket-Guard.

Grandma Wilkins was very sick. The doctor said she must be kept quiet and everybody went about on tiptoe and spoke in low tones. Winfred looked very sad. He crept softly into the darkened room and laid some flowers on grandma's pillow; but she was too sick to look at them. Soon after he heard his mother say to Kate, the cook:

'We must keep the door-bell from ringing if possible.'

'I can do something for grandma,' thought the little boy.

So he sat on the front step, and soon a woman with a book in her hand came to the door.

'Grandma is very sick,' said Winfred. 'Nobody must ring the bell.'

The lady smiled, but went away. Soon a man with a satchel came.

'Grandma is sick, and mamma doesn't want anything at all,' said the boy.

All day long people came. It seemed to Winfred that almost everybody had something to sell; but he kept guard and the bell was silent. Kate came to call him to lunch, but Winfred would not leave his post.

'Just bring me a sandwich or something and I'll eat it here,' he said.

At last the doctor came again.

When he came back he smiled down upon Winfred and said:

'Well, little picket-guard, your grandma is going to get well and you have helped to bring about that happy result. You will make a good soldier.'

Then his mother came out and took him in her arms and kissed him.

'I am quite proud of my brave, unselfish little son,' she said. 'Now come and have some dinner and then you may go and see grandma for a moment. She has been asking for you.'

When Winfred went in on tiptoe his grandma thanked him with a kiss and he was a very happy little boy that night.—Julia D. Peck.

Who Was Rich?

'If I were only as rich as he is!' muttered a boy that had just found a crust of stale bread in a garbage barrel, as he eyed a poorly-dressed boy leaving a baker shop with a basket of whole, fresh loaves.

'If I were only as rich as he is!' said the boy with the fresh loaves as he saw another boy on a bicycle, munching candy.

'If I were only as rich as he is!' sighed the boy on the bicycle, as another boy rolled past in a pony-cart.

'If I were only as rich as he is!' grumbled the lad in the pony-cart as he caught sight of a lad on the deck of a beautiful private yacht.

'If I were only as rich as he is!' this lucky fellow wished, as his father's yacht cruised in foreign waters, and he espied one day a young prince attended by a retinue of liveried servants.

'If I were as free as that boy is!' impatiently growled the young prince, thinking of the boy in the yacht.

'If I could drive out alone with a pony, and nobody to take care of me but myself!' thought the pampered boy on the yacht.

'If only I could have a good time like that boy on the bicycle!' longed the driver of the pony.

'How happy that boy with the basket looks!' said the boy on the bike.

'If I could relish my dinner as that boy does his crust!' said the baker's boy. 'I'm sick and tired of bread.'

Which one was rich?—'Christian Endeavor World.'

Rules for Young Christians.

1. Never neglect daily private prayer, and when you pray remember that God is present and that he hears your prayer.—Heb. xi. 6.

2. Never neglect daily private Bible reading; and when you read remember that God is speaking to you and that you are to believe and act upon what he says. I believe all backsliding begins with the neglect of these two rules.—John v. 39.

3. Never profess to ask God for anything which you do not want. Tell him the truth about yourself, however bad it makes you, and then ask him, for Christ's sake, to forgive you what you are and make you what you ought to be.—John iv. 24.

4. If ever you are in doubt as to a thing's being right or wrong, go to your room and kneel down and ask God's blessing upon it.—Col. iii. 17. If you cannot do this, it is wrong.—Rom. xiv. 23.

5. Never believe what you feel if it contradicts God's word. Ask yourself, 'Can what I feel be true if God's word be true?' and if both cannot be true, believe God and make your own heart the liar.—Rom. iii. 4; 1 John v. 10, 11.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

The Frown's Companion.

(By Clara J. Denton.)

Said the Frown to the Smile,
'Come walk with me to-day.'

'Very well,' said the Smile, 'since you're going my way.'

They journeyed on slowly for perhaps half a mile,

And each person they met said,
'Good morning, dear Smile.'

Till at last cried the Frown, 'Now, this will never do;

There's no greeting for me, though I'm bigger than you.'

'That's true,' was the answer; 'but remember, the while,

Even you as, companion, selected the Smile.'

—'S.S. Times.'

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LESSON VI.—MAY 10.

Acts xxiii., 12-22.

Golden Text.

The Lord stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer.—Acts xxiii., 11.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 4.—Acts xxiii., 12-22.
Tuesday, May 5.—Acts xxiii., 1-11.
Wednesday, May 6.—Acts xxiii., 23-35.
Thursday, May 7.—I. Pet. iv., 12-19.
Friday, May 8.—Rom. xii., 14-21.
Saturday, May 9.—John xv., 17-27.
Sunday, May 10.—Matt. x., 16-26.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

12. And when it was day, certain of the Jews banded together, and bound themselves under a curse, saying that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul.

13. And they were more than forty which had made this conspiracy.

14. And they came to the chief priests and elders, and said: We have bound ourselves under a great curse, that we will eat nothing until we have slain Paul;

15. Now therefore ye with the council signify to the chief captain that he bring him down unto you to-morrow, as though ye would inquire something more perfectly concerning him; and we, or ever he come near, are ready to kill him.

16. And when Paul's sister's son heard of their lying in wait, he went and entered into the castle, and told Paul.

17. Then Paul called one of the centurions unto him and said: Bring this young man unto the chief captain; for he hath a certain thing to tell him.

18. So he took him and brought him to the chief captain, and said: Paul the prisoner called me unto him, and prayed me to bring this young man unto thee, who hath something to say unto thee.

19. Then the chief captain took him by the hand, and went with him aside privately, and asked him: What is that thou hast to tell me?

20. And he said: The Jews have agreed to desire thee that thou wouldest bring down Paul to-morrow into the council, as though they would inquire somewhat of him more perfectly.

21. But do not thou yield unto them: for there lie in wait for him of them more than forty men, which have bound themselves with an oath that they will neither eat nor drink till they have killed him; and now are they ready, looking for a promise from thee.

22. So the chief captain then let the young man depart and charged him: See thou tell no man that thou hast showed these things to me.

We left Paul in the hands of the chief captain at Jerusalem, and he was endeavoring to discover who the Apostle was. Paul frankly disclosed his identity, and sought permission to speak, which was granted him. When Paul turns to address his tormenters, they are hushed at once into silence. There he stood, in chains and no doubt bruised, bleeding, and dishevelled on account of the rough treatment he has just received, yet able to launch at once into defence that has been thought worthy of a place in the Bible. He had a quiet audience until he recounted his call to preach to the Gentiles. This statement was like fire to gunpowder. At once there was an uproar again, and the most frenzied exclamations of hate, and desire for his death. The Jews could not comprehend the right of the Gentiles to be made one with them in the Gospel, especially

without becoming regular Jewish proselytes. The chief captain, seeing that the speech was at an end and that the Jews sought Paul's life so determinedly, commanded him to be taken to the castle and examined by scourging, to learn why Paul was so greatly hated by men of his own race. But Paul quietly saved himself from this punishment by asking if it were lawful to scourge an uncondemned Roman citizen. This changed matters, for the captain dared not proceed with this punishment nor keep Paul bound. The next day, the chief captain summoned the chief priests and the Jewish council, in order to pursue his examination in a legal way. A fierce fight arose and the chief captain found it necessary to rescue Paul from the contending factions and take him back to the castle. That night the Lord spoke to the Apostle, encouraging him and assuring him that he should bear testimony to him in Rome as well as in Jerusalem.

The year of these events was A.D. 57 or 58, shortly after the occurrences of the previous lesson.

The lesson for to-day relates to the conspiracy against Paul. For purposes of study let us divide it in this way:

1. The Conspiracy Among the Jews. Verses 12, 13.

2. The Plan Outlined. 14, 15.

3. The Plot Discovered. 16, 17.

4. The Chief Captain Warned. 18-22.

Certain of the Jews bound themselves with a curse to slay the Apostle. It is supposed that some, at least, of these who were plotting against Paul, were members of a fanatical band which figured with some prominence during the last years of Jerusalem. 'More than forty' were involved at the outset in the plot, indicating how common and intense was the feeling against Paul. They agreed, under an oath as well as a curse.

Those who first conceived the idea of slaying Paul, and had organized for the purpose, had to find some means of getting at him, for he was in the castle under the protection of the soldiers. What was to be done?

The day before this Paul had been before the council, by order of the chief captain, in order that he might be examined more carefully and accurately. The council had speedily broken up in an uproar, through Paul's remark concerning the resurrection of the dead, for it was partially composed of Sadducees, who denied the resurrection. Those members who were thus opposed to Paul's belief might very easily be won over to consent to his death, even by an illegal way, and, furthermore, they might be induced to aid the original conspirators. The priests were merely asked to provide the opportunity, the 'more than forty' would see that this pestiferous fellow was put out of the way.

Have you ever noticed, in reading the Scriptures, how little, very often, is said about the personal position, circumstances and relationships of characters of importance?

This lesson gives the only direct reference we have to the Apostle's family. It is not even known where Paul's sister, referred to in verse 16, lived, or whether this nephew of Paul was a native of Jerusalem or not. Whatever his circumstances the important thing he did was to discover, somehow, the plot against Paul and warn the Apostle about it.

When Paul heard his nephew's story, he called a centurion, and asked him to conduct the young man to the chief captain as he had something to tell him. The Lord had promised Paul that he should live to see Rome, but he did not say that Paul should not, on that account, take ordinary precaution to protect himself from harm. He was still to use his reason and good sense.

Then again, it was Paul's duty, out of respect to authority, to warn the chief captain of a plot to entrap that officer and cause a renewal of the previous rioting.

This chief captain would appear to have been a man of great force of character, but nevertheless cautious and shrewd, and not unkind when his conduct of affairs allowed him to relax his stern authority. He now

hears the account of what the Jews have conspired to do, and dismisses the young man, after forbidding him to tell anyone that he had told the chief captain of the threatened danger.

That night Paul was sent to Caesarea, to Felix the Governor, under a strong military guard.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, May 10.—Topic—What does the story of Zaccheus teach us? Luke xix., 1-10.

Junior C. E. Topic

BIBLE LESSONS FROM TREES.

Monday, May 4.—Life fire. Gen. ii., 9.

Tuesday, May 5.—Like knowledge. Gen. ii., 17.

Wednesday, May 6.—God's gifts. Gen. i., 29.

Thursday, May 7.—Like the righteous. Ps. i., 3.

Friday, May 8.—Unfruitful. Matt. xxi., 19.

Saturday, May 9.—Fruitful. Matt. vii., 17.

Sunday, May 10.—Topic—Bible lessons from trees. Ps. civ., 16, 17; Jer. xvii., 7, 8.

True Bravery.

In the heat of passion Robert had done something he was ashamed of and sorry for after the excitement had passed away.

'I wish I hadn't let my temper get away with my good sense,' he said; 'but it's done, and what's done can't be undone.'

'But isn't there a way to overcome the effect of wrong-doing, to a great extent?' asked a voice in his heart.

'How?' asked Robert.

'By owning to one's blame in the matter,' answered the voice. 'Confessing one's fault does much to set wrong right. Try it.'

Now, Robert was very much like all the rest of us—he hated to admit that he was in fault. 'I'm wrong—forgive me,' is a hard thing to say. But the more he thought the matter over the more he felt that he ought to say just that.

'It's the right thing to do,' he told himself. 'If I know what's right and don't do it, I'm a moral coward. I'll do it!'

So he went to the one he had wronged and confessed his fault frankly, and the result was that the two boys were better friends than before, and his comrade had a greater respect for him because he had been brave enough to do a disagreeable thing when it was presented to him in the light of a duty.

My boys, remember that there's quite as much bravery in doing right, for right's sake, as there is in the performance of grand and heroic deeds the world will hear about.—Eben E. Rexford.

In a school that I recently visited I observed that the superintendent who was at work at the blackboard upon the platform during the lesson period of the session had the attention of more than two-thirds of the scholars. Again and again have I seen the attention of more than half of the school given to a secretary or other officer who was doing something, while the teacher was endeavoring to interest them in a discussion of the lesson. A person entering the church service late will usually attract the attention of a majority of the congregation from the speaker to himself. Children left to themselves spend little time in mere discussion. They are interested in things, and in doing something. Thus from observation we conclude that native interests lie wholly within the realm of sensation. This further emphasizes the necessity already felt for the constant use of illustrative material in class-work. Objects, pictures, blackboard sketching, work with the sand-table and vivid word-picturing; one or more of these means of exciting interest should be used in every lesson.—James Edmunds.



The Meadow Fire

"Why do I never smoke?" said Ben, with his jolly blue eyes twinkling. "Well, it's an expensive habit and a dirty one, and all the things you learn about it in school are true; and then I was cured the first time I tried it."

"Tell us about it," demanded Laurence and Bert, concisely.

Old Ben's eyes danced more than ever. Nothing delighted him more than to be called on for a story, though he always affected a good-natured grumble.

"That is the way with you young ones," he said. "You think because you have nothing to do that an old fellow like me can idle around too. I tell you, it wasn't so when I was a boy. I had no time to go about bothering folks for stories. There was enough to do on the farm to keep boys stirring."

"But we have to work, too, Ben," said Bert. "I tell you our mother believes that old verse that you tell us sometimes about Satan finding mischief for idle hands to do. We get our afternoons off, of course, in vacation; but you ought to see us work in the mornings."

"Well, well," said Ben, "it will be the saving of you in the end." But about my smoking. I wasn't brought up for a sailor man. My father had a little farm some thirty miles from the sea, up Aldershot way, and my brother John and I were brought up on the farm. I learned to smoke and to stop smoking, too, one day when father and mother were away. My Uncle Ben had been visiting us, and had left a pipe and some tobacco on the kitchen shelf. I showed them to John when we had our chores done.

"What are you going to do?" says he.

"And I said, as big as you please, 'I'm going down in the meadow to smoke. Do you want to come along?'"

"You see, I was that ashamed and afraid that I didn't dare smoke in the house, for fear mother might smell it when she came home, or some neighbor might come in and catch me. John hesitated a while, but, finally came along. We went down into a little gully where no one could see us from the road or barn. I filled up my pipe and began to smoke."

"Don't it make you sick?" said John.

"Not a mite," said I.

"John watched me a while, and then ran down to the bottom of the gully to see what was stirring the grass. I smoked for about five minutes, and then wasn't I sick? The sun seemed to be burning right into my brains, and the grassy slopes around me began to dance about and sort of close up to smother me. I dropped my head down on the grass, and shut my eyes for a minute. I don't know where the pipe went. I was aroused by an awful screech from John."

"Get up, you loony, do you want to get burned up?"

"I got up with my head still whirling, and there was a little circle of fire blazing merrily away within a foot of me. It was, in August, and the grass was brown and dry from a six weeks' drought. I stood staring stupidly. John was stamping madly, trying to put it out."

"Help me put it out," he yelled, "or the barns will be burned up."

"I was in my bare feet," but I jumped at the little rim of fire that was eating out a larger and larger circle. It was no use. I could help very little, and, in spite of John's activity, the fire spread faster than he could crush it out."

"Let's get whips," he panted, pointing to the green bushes down by the brook.

"I was awake by this time, and we raced down there like wild. We tore off great green branches, but by the time we got back the line of flame had assumed start-

ling length. It was eating slowly across the great ten-acre field toward the barns and corn-cribs. Oh, how we worked whipping out those flames; but as fast as they died down in one place, we saw them starting with new activity in another. As far as we could see, the farm buildings, and, possibly, the house were doomed. Yet, we worked on with the energy of despair. By this time the rising clouds of smoke had attracted the attention of the neighbors. Old Farmer Cassel came running across the field.

"Leave that," he shouted, "and come and help me get the horses and plough!"

"We stopped to ask no questions, but raced to the barn. The horses, snorting with fright, were hitched to the plough. With the farmer guiding the plough, John and I led the horses into the meadow. The fire had made fearful headway. Across the long field we went, turning up a deep furrow between the line of fire and the barn. Then back again, making a second furrow. Then we could stop to rest and watch the red line creep up to the brown earth and then die down. But John and I watched all the rest of the afternoon with green boughs in our hands to whip out any treacherous sparks that might leap over the line. Before sunset there was no longer even a wreath of smoke in the meadow; then we had time to think of our tired, aching bodies and empty stomachs, and I began to face the thought of the reckoning to come when father and mother came back. That part of it doesn't belong to the story, though."

"There isn't any moral to my story. It's just true. You boys wouldn't be likely to set a meadow on fire if you did smoke, but if every boy would have a good, hard lesson like that the first time he tries the dirty trick, he'd be happier and healthier when he's an old fellow like me."—*Christian Standard.*

Consistency.

Suppose a man with an oath in his mouth should ask God to sweep away the evils of profanity. Suppose a murderer, while drawing the trigger of his revolver to blow out the brains and the life of his victim, should pray the Lord to spare the life of that victim. Suppose a man just jumping over a fearful precipice should ask the Lord to save him from injury. Suppose a man prays the Lord to counteract the evils of intemperance while he himself sets the example of moderate (?) tippling, and signs a petition of his neighbor who 'is of a good moral character' (P) for license to sell strong drink to his children and all others who may want a 'wee drap' occasionally if the weather should be too warm or too cold. Suppose a man should pray for the poor heathen, and pay, say fifty cents or, perhaps, one whole dollar, missionary money, but puts his name on a tavern-keeper's bond for several hundred dollars. I must stop. I am becoming confused. But consistency is a jewel.—*Living Epistle.*

Why He Failed.

A young man who had failed by only three points in an examination for admission to the marine corps appealed to his representative in Congress for assistance, and together they went to see the Secretary of the Navy, in the hope of securing what is known as a 're-rating' of his papers.

"How many more chances do you want?" asked Secretary Long. "This is your third time." And before the young man had a chance to answer, the Secretary continued: "How do you expect to get along in the world when you smoke so many cigarettes? Your clothes are saturated with their odor. Pull off your gloves and let me see your fingers. There, see how yellow they are!" pointing to the sides of the first and second fingers.

Before the young man found his tongue to offer an explanation the Secretary asked him if he drank.

"Only once in a while," was his sheepish reply.

Secretary Long then invited the Con-

gressman into his private office, and while offering to do everything that he could, added: "I am sick of trying to make anything of these boys that are loaded with cigarette smoke and 'drink once in a while.' They are about hopeless, it seems to me."

When they left the department building the young man, half apologizing for his poor showing, remarked: "Drinking, my father says, is the bane of the navy."

"I guess it is," replied the Congressman, laconically. "It is the bane everywhere else, and I should think quite likely it would be in the navy."

The young man promised to turn over a new leaf absolutely, in both particulars, and was allowed another chance.—*St. Louis Advocate.*

A Cold Water Story.

Somewhere lives a small farmer of such social habits that his coming home intoxicated was once no unusual thing. His wife urged him in vain to reform.

"Why, you see," he would say, "I don't like to break it off at once; it ain't wholesome. The best way is always to get used to a thing by degrees, you know."

"Very well, old man," his helpmeet would rejoin, "see, now, if you don't fall into a hole one of these days, while you can't take care of yourself, and nobody near to take you out."

Sure enough, as if to verify the prophecy, a couple of days after, returning from a wretched frolic, the old fellow reeled into his own well, and, after a deal of useless scrambling, shouted for the 'light of his eyes' to come and help him out.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said the good soul, showing her cap-frill over the edge of the parapet; "you've got into a hole at last, and it's only lucky I'm in hearing or you might have drowned." "Well," she continued, after a pause, letting down the bucket, "take hold."

And up he came, higher at every turn of the windlass, until the old lady's grasp slipping from the handle, down he went to the bottom again. This occurring more than once made the temporary occupant of the well suspicious.

"Look here!" he screamed, in fury, at the last splash, "you're doing that on purpose; I know you are!"

"Well, now, I am," responded his old woman, tranquilly, while winding him up once more; "didn't you tell me it's best to get used to a thing by degrees? I'm afraid if I was to bring you right up on a sudden, you wouldn't find it wholesome."

The old fellow could not help chuckling at her application of his principle, and protested that he would sign the pledge on the instant, if she would lift him fairly out. This she did, and packed him off to sign, wet as he was.—*Australian Paper.*

"Suppose there were a thousand young men before me now, if they were animated with the deepest Christian principles, if they had attained the highest culture, if they had all the intelligence or wealth of society at command—no matter what their other circumstances, provided these thousand persons all began to drink to-day, without knowing their physical and hereditary tendencies, I say within a certain number of years a certain number of these thousand will become drunkards, and there is no possible way of avoiding that unless you manage to get those persons to abstain altogether."—*Dr. Norman Kerr.*

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, \$3 a year.

'Weekly Witness,' post paid, \$1 a year.

'World Wide,' post paid, \$1 a year.

'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c a year.

Correspondence

Hunter River, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I live on Haw Hill farm, a mile from Hunter River. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school, and get the 'Messenger' there. I like it very much. I always read the correspondence first. My two oldest brothers are in Assiniboia. I have a cousin in South Africa, who fought in the war. He sent my sister some silver leaves from the Table Mountain, Cape Town. I go to school, and am in the third reader. My teacher's name is Mr. L. I like him very much.

ETHEL P. B.

Alice, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for ten years, and I enjoy reading it very much, although this is my first letter. I am going to tell you about my grandfather's life. He was born in East Kilbride, Scotland. He lived there for a number of years. Then he removed to Canada with his wife and family. He settled down in what was then known as the Township of Ramsay, in the County of Lanark, which is now known as the town of Almonte. He then removed up to the township of Alice. He lived there until he passed away, at the age of ninety-four years. For the last twenty years he was unable to read, and for the last twelve years he was totally blind. We have Sunday-school here from May until October. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Emma C. I go to school, and I am in the fourth reader. I am eleven years old. My teacher's name is Miss DeL. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same as mine, the 23rd of May.

FANNIE J. L.

Campbellton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am trying to get enough subscribers to get a Bible. I have one already, and in a short time I expect I will get some more. We take up a course of manual training in our school, and all the scholars are well pleased. In our mission band, a month ago, the president gave out ten cents (talent money) to see how much we could increase it. I have seventeen cents already, and mamma is going to pay me for a quilt. I expect I will have nearly a dollar in a little while. I think it is very interesting work, because you are puzzled sometimes to know what to do to earn money. We live in a new house on a big hill, and we have a fine view of the whole town from here. There are eleven hotels and eighteen or more large stores, and a great many smaller ones. Across the Restigouche river from Campbellton is an Indian mission, and there are only Indians living there. I have never been there, but they have been here.

A. LOUISE C.

Grand Greve, Gaspé.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. My sister Hollie takes the 'Messenger.' We live near the seashore of the Gaspé Bay. Our house is on a hill, and there are four other houses near it. My uncles, aunts and cousins live in them. My father has a salmon net, and he keeps a shop. I go to school, and am in the second reader. My teacher's name is Miss L. I have three sisters and two brothers. Their names are Gertie, John, Norman, Hollie, and Violet. Violet is only sixteen months, and can walk well. We are going to have the train come to Gaspé next summer.

AMY HAZEL G.

Cape North, Cape Breton.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old. My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and we all like it very much. I go to school, and am in the fourth book. My teacher's name is Miss M. We all like her very much. I have no grandpas living, and only one grandma. One of my grandpas was born in Prince Edward Island, and came here when he was a little boy. He went to California and worked in the gold-diggings, and was at the taking of Mexico under General Scott. He was taken

prisoner and put in an old church, but he made his escape at night with two of his comrades. They, however, were seen and shot, while he escaped.

MAY G.

Sharbot Lake, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for three years, and like it very much. Mother says she could not do without it. We live on a point in Sharbot Lake. It is a beautiful lake, and has ninety-nine islands, and last year an artificial island was formed by dumping a pile of stones on a rocky shoal, which formed the hundredth island. Our lake and village is quite a summer resort for sports. We have good times boating in summer, and in winter we skate on the ice. Last spring, just after the ice went out, there were two young men drowned. I have a lovely summer playhouse, with grape vines running over it. Our school teacher's name is Mr. L. I think he is the nicest teacher we ever had. I am eight years old, and go to school every day, and am in the second reader. I go to the Methodist Sunday-school, my teacher's name being Mrs. S. I like her very much. There are four churches in the village, and there are three stores, one mill and a railway depot.

BEATRICE B.

Chillicothe, Tex.

Dear Editor,—A friend subscribed for the 'Messenger' for my sister, and I read the letters, and thought I would write one. I live twelve miles from Vernon, the county seat of Willbarger County, Texas. Vernon has two railways, a cotton-seed oil mill, two banks, and are building a round-house. Texas has the largest cotton-seed oil mills of the world. There is one at Sherman, where I went to school last winter, and the largest one is at San Antonio. I live close to the Fort Worth and Denver-railway, and a freight train was wrecked about one-half mile from the school-house, and the teacher let us march down to see it. There were four cars thrown off the track, but no one was hurt. This is a pretty country. The people raise cotton, corn and small grains. My papa owns one-half section of land and several head of cattle. The capitol building at Austin built of granite from the State. It is a building second in size to the capitol building at Washington, D.C. I am a Texas girl, but my mother came from Canada.

BERTHA H.

Kars, Ottawa.

Dear Editor,—Having seen a letter in the 'Messenger' written by Jennie R., Cumberland, N.S., saying that she thought the boys ought to write, I thought I would do so. The reason is, they are naturally shy. (Of course, my sisters do not agree with me here.) I live about twenty miles from the capital, on the banks of the Rideau river. The Rideau generally overflows its banks, but this year is an exception to the general rule. Generally I miss a few weeks of school on account of the very high water, but this year I attended school regularly. Spring was early this year, and the farmers are busy ploughing. On March 20 my papa set our bees on the summer stand, which is the earliest date he ever heard of for setting bees. I never visited any larger city than Ottawa. While I was at Ottawa I attended the exhibition, and I visited many other places of note. I like to look at the animals in the museum. I am ten years old, and I am in the third class. There are two rooms in our school. I am in the room with the larger pupils; I am the youngest in that room. I like going to school, and am fond of reading.

MELVILLE S.

Lacombe, Alberta.

Dear Editor,—I think I will write and tell you what we do away out in Alberta. We live fifty miles from the railway track. Lacombe is our nearest town and post-office, but the Government has promised us a post-office to be kept in our house. Each of the ranchers take out the mail-bag whenever they go to town, and hardly a week passes but someone goes to town.

We have taken your paper for three years, and think it is a very nice paper. We have no school here, but we learn our lessons at home. I am in the third book. I have two brothers and two sisters. We live six miles from the Red Deer river. Last summer the roads were so bad that people could scarcely draw out their supplies, so they made rafts and rafted it from the town of Red Deer down the Red Deer river. More than half of our horses died with the swamp fever last year.

MARGARET D. E. (age 12).

Albert Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I never saw the snow go off before as early as it has this spring. I am a member of the Baptist church. For pets I have two cats and a bird. As you would like to know what some of the readers can do, I will tell you some of the work that I can do. I can knit, sew, spin, crochet, make dresses, drive oxen, and do almost any kind of housework. I love to write letters, and I like to read, too. I have read a great many books and papers. I always read the stories in the 'Messenger,' and like them very much. I would not like to do without the 'Messenger' now.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Atwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I will be eleven years old in July. I have read a lot of books, such as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Holy War,' 'For Name and Fame,' and 'The Old Curiosity Shop.'

RUTH K.

Calistoga, Cal.

Dear Editor,—I have had the 'Messenger' for nearly three years, and like it very much. One day my cousin was playing with an electric battery. The current was not strong enough to suit him, so he put it on an electric wire that connected with the city electric lights. He put his finger on it, but as it did not seem very strong, he put his hands on it. The minute his palms touched it, it gripped his hands and he could not let go, then a blue flame shot up in his face and he fell back. That jerked his hands loose, or he would have been killed. There were two girls watching, but they were too frightened to do anything. We all were thankful he was not killed.

MAUD L. (age 14).

Moncton, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy nine years of age. My birthday comes on February 13. I go to the Victoria school, and I am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss S., and I like her very much. There are between four and five hundred in the school. We have another school-building, named the Aberdeen. Lord Aberdeen laid the corner stone when he was Governor-General of Canada. It is the high school, and has over a thousand pupils. Our city has a population of ten thousand, and is the headquarters of the Intercolonial Railway. We have nine churches, one Baptist, with twelve hundred members on the church roll, and a large Sunday-school, with an average attendance of about three hundred and seventy-five. This is the church I go to. We are having a new brick hospital built. I have five brothers and two sisters. My brother Frank is in Amherst, N.S., Roy is in Sydney, Walter and Sumner are in Vancouver, and Jimmie is at home. Sumner was in the War with the First Contingent, and Roy started with Fourth Contingent, but the war was over when he got there. Blanche, my oldest sister, is in Boston, and Winona, the baby, is at home. She is seven years old. My papa is a contractor and builder. Mamma has taken the 'Messenger' for about a year. I take great interest in reading the letters. I have no pets.

FREDDIE L. O.

Minesing, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and am interested in the children's letters. My sister also takes the 'Messenger.' My home is in Parry Sound, our farm being near a lake called

Dee Lake. It is very pretty in the summer. My brother and I have great fun bathing. We have a dog called 'Zip,' that we harness and hitch to a sleigh. I think my brother will have fine fun with him now, as I am staying at my grandpapa's. I started to school here at Minising three weeks ago. It is a large school. I am in the junior room. My teacher's name is Mr. K. He is a very nice teacher. This place is over a hundred miles from my home.

HADLEY E. (age 11).

Star, Alta.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write another letter to the 'Messenger,' which I have taken nearly a year, and am now paying up for another year. I received the Bagster Bible you sent me, and think it is very nice, and so did all that I showed it to. I got our preacher, Mr. Bateman, to write my name in it. He also wrote a verse, 'Search the scriptures, for they are they which testify of me.'

We have a very nice Sunday-school out here. It is just one mile and a half from our home. My Sunday-school teacher is Miss Mabel S., and she is very nice. We get 'Pleasant Hours' and 'Dewdrops' from the Sunday-school. I go to school as well. It is just the same distance, too. Mr. K. is my school teacher. I like him very well. I am in the third class, and soon expect to be going in the fourth. In summer my chums and I intend to plant flower seeds in the school-yard. I am very fond of flowers, especially pansies, mignonette and candy-tuft. I am sending in a few pledge signers. I could not get any more, for we live quite a distance from the people's houses, half a mile being the nearest.

DEVEDA F. McC.

Steeve Mountain, N.B.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen so many nice, interesting letters from places all around, I thought I would write. Without much trouble, some months ago I got five subscribers for the 'Messenger,' and received, for doing so, a very handsome Bagster Bible, which I am much pleased with. I return you many thanks for sending it. My brother was one of my subscribers, and everyone around thinks the 'Messenger' a nice paper. I live on a farm with my father and mother, about twelve miles from the city of Moncton, and go to school at this place every day. I have four sisters and six brothers. I have read a number of books, and I think the Elsie Series very interesting books. Perhaps some of the readers of the 'Messenger' have read them. I attended the Mission Band last summer here, and was treasurer, but when winter came we had to close it on account of bad roads and cold weather. It has been good candy making so far this spring.

SUSIE L. M.

Mail Bag.

W. Kinley, of Belmont, Mann., renewing for club of 'Northern Messenger' for 1903, writes: 'We are all much pleased with the "Messenger," and have great pleasure in recommending it to other schools as an agency for good and a great help in the temperance cause.'

Ottawa, March 12, 1903.

Dear Editor,—Father has been a reader of the 'Witness' for years, and we always look for it with pleasure. I received the Bagster Bible premium, and am very much pleased with it. The new subscribers are also well pleased with their papers. I will try to get you more subscribers another time. I am, yours truly,

R. BENSON.

Welcome, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' in the Welcome Methodist Sabbath-school for years. It gives general satisfaction. Wishing you all success,

I am, yours respectfully,

T. ROBERTS,
Supt. S.S.

Carsonville, April 16, 1903.

Dear Editor,—I received my Bagster Bible for teachers. Many thanks. I think

it is just fine, and hope it will do me good while I live. I have taken the 'Messenger' for a number of years, and do not think I could do without it. Wishing you success,

Sincerely yours,
HARRIET S. COOK.

Woodstock, Ont., April 16, 1903.

Dear Editor,—The 'Messengers' and the Bible came all right. I thank you very much for the Bible; it is a fine book to receive for only five subscribers. I would have written before, but was away on a visit when they came. I sent two of the papers away as presents, for I think that young people cannot have a purer or more interesting paper to read than the 'Messenger.' Respectfully yours,

MRS. M. TEETZEL.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of April 18, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Year's Manifesto—'Westminster Gazette,' London.
The Irish Land Bill—'The Speaker,' London; 'The Spectator,' London.
The Burial of Sir Hector Macdonald—By the author of 'John Splendid,' in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
Native Labor in South Africa—The 'Manchester Guardian.'
Boer Generals Buy Hereford Bulls—'Birmingham Post.'
British Interests in Southern Persia—'The Morning Post,' London.
The Many Parts Played by Dr. Bradley—'The Week's Survey,' London.
The Late Dean Bradley—'The Outfitter.'
Mohammedanism as a Proselytizing Religion—By Hugh Clifford, in 'The Pilot,' London.
The Scarcity of Volunteer Officers—'The Telegraph,' London.
The New Atkins—By P. W. G., in 'The Chronicle,' London.
At the Headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, 1903—By Dora Greenwell MacChesney, in 'The Pilot,' London.
The Memory of 'Good Queen Bess'—'The Week's Survey,' London.
Electing a Parson—A Westmoreland Village Privilege—Correspondence of the 'Manchester Guardian.'
The New Khartoum—A City of Memories—Special correspondence of 'The Standard,' London.
Back to Nature—Birmingham 'Daily Post.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Burns-Jones on American Art Critics—'The Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The Exhibition of the Society of American Artists—B. F., in the 'Evening Post,' New York.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Baby Seed Song—'The Pall Mall Magazine,' London.
The Sleepy Song—By Josephine Dodge Daakam, in 'McClure's Magazine.'
Thomas Traherne—By A. T. Quiller-Couch, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Taken as Read—'The Academy and Literature,' London.
A Third Pot-Pouri—'The Spectator,' London.
Pook-Pook from a Surrey Back Garden—'Punch,' London.
How Boys Express Themselves—By J. H. R., in 'The Spectator,' London.
Christian Socialism—'The Daily News,' London.
The Reaction—By Augustine Birrell, in 'The Speaker,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Some Experiments and a Paradox—'Blackwood's Magazine.'
Teaching English Composition—New York 'Evening Post.'
What is Radium?—Interview with Sir William Crookes, in the 'Daily News,' London.
The Lost Fraction of Time—'Tit-Bits,' London.

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HOUSEHOLD.

How I Entertained a Celebrity.

('New England Homestead.')

We were living in a charming five-roomed cottage in a western town not noted for its intellectuality. My husband in self-defence decided to manage a lecture course. The venture proved a great success, and we had some really magnificent talent, which the few really enjoyed and the many pretended to.

When the star of the course was about due, we decided to write him a note asking if we might have the pleasure of entertaining him in our own home. No answer coming up to the day of his appearance, we experienced that disagreeable sensation usually expressed by the word 'left.' Imagine my surprise, the afternoon of the day he was to appear, on answering the doorbell, to find the hero himself, grip in hand!

In the most charming manner he introduced himself, and explained the circumstances that had prevented him from replying to our note. 'You want me to come; I could tell it by the letter. May I not stay, anyway?'

Of course I welcomed him gladly, and in three minutes we seemed to have known him for ages. Our two-year-old baby, who was, of course, a marvel of sweetness and smartness, won his heart at once.

My husband told him that we had planned to entertain, in his honor, some intellectual friends from his own state. 'Well,' said he, 'it is not too late, is it?' It takes me just fifteen minutes to prepare for a dinner party. Can we take a walk? And away they went, taking my little lady with them to grandma's, where she was to be entertained until after the evening's entertainment.

This left me free, and I took a hasty survey of the possibilities in the case. It was then four o'clock, and as the entertainment began at eight o'clock, I knew that dinner must be served at six. I did my own work, with the exception of washing and ironing. Occasionally I had a girl come in to wait on the table and wash dishes, when I entertained. I 'phoned to this 'standby,' and as good luck would have it, she was at home and could come at once.

I went over to my friends', and found that they would be delighted to meet 'the man of the hour,' even on short notice. I then hurried to market, not daring to 'phone for things, as poor material would spoil my last chance.

This being Saturday, the house was in good order, with lovely white and brown bread, cake, etc., on hand. Nimble fingers soon got out the finest china and richest damask. A friend whose elaborate wedding we had attended the evening before made me forever grateful by sending over some choice flowers for the table. My neighbor on the west, who always sold me the thickest and sweetest of cream, almost made me cry by heaping the measure and then whipping the cream for me! Think of it, ye who see how hard it would be to get up a fancy dinner (marketing, guests and all), in two hours!

Shortly after five o'clock, my husband and 'the great man' returned, bringing a whiff of the crisp prairie air with them. At the appointed hour we went into the dainty dining room as sedately as if the affair had been planned a year in advance. The dinner was delicious, if I do say it, 'as hadn't ort to.' Oyster soup (as I make it), followed by meat roll, mashed potatoes, canned peas, deviled eggs, celery and olives. Next came lovely fruit jells and cake, then candy and nuts, and golden brown coffee.

I have never enjoyed a meal as much, in my own house, though we entertain a great deal. Our guest was really and truly the autocrat of the dinner table. Gracious, courteous, complimentary, hungry. What

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Vitæ-Ore will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of this paper, if you will give it a trial. Send for a \$1 package at our risk. You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. We want no one's money whom Vitæ-Ore cannot benefit. You are to be the judge! Can anything be more fair! What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try Vitæ-Ore on this liberal offer! One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say in this announcement, and will do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper, so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package.

Address

THEO. NOEL, Geologist,

Dept. A. M.
101 YORK ST.,

Toronto, Ont.

more can I say? He admired the flowers, he recited the poetry, and such compliments on the cooking! It may be 'good form,' where caterer, butler and help have charge of the feast, to eat in stoical disregard of the merits of the dishes, but when the hostess is all these and more, she likes to know that the work of her hands is appreciated.

Our hero was a master hand at this. He liked the graham bread so well that: 'Please set that plate by me,' said he, 'and won't you do me the favor to spread me two pieces of it, to put in my overcoat pocket, when I leave?' And as to the gelatine, he said when it came his time to die he wished he could sink in a lake 'of that.' These things seem tame in the telling, but

given with his rare smile and expressive gesture, they became the most delicate compliment.

My husband having to manage the opera house, the lion offered to escort me to the scene of his efforts. It was such a wonder to sit under the majesty of his public presence and remember that he was the same man who had made the informal dinner party a literary and society event, and worthy of memory!

After the entertainment my little lady was brought home from grandma's. She came in, wide awake and smiling, and the lion, who had just brought a great audience to his feet, spent an hour or more wooing the dainty baby. They played on the floor in great glee, and when my mo-

ther-anxiety overcame my pride, and I suggested that baby must be put to bed, he begged for 'just a little while longer.'

Our guest was to leave on the 7.30 morning train, and when he bade me good-night, he said, 'Now, you are not to get up to get my breakfast. I can get it down town.'

'No,' said I, 'I have breakfast already planned. You will want to taste my old-fashioned buckwheat cakes.' 'Enough said! You had better get up.' So the breakfast was even more successful than the dinner.

'Why,' said he, 'I order pancakes a thousand times, hoping once to get some like these, but money can't buy them. I must eat enough to last me until I get home.' When he left he did not forget to

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